

The Tragedie of Hamlet

Ham. Is not parchment made of sheep-skins?

Hora. I my Lord, and of Calue-skins too.

Ham. They are Sheep and Calues which seeke out assurance in that, I will speake to this fellow. Whose graue's this firra?

Clow. Mine sir, or a pit of clay for to be made.

Ham. I thinke it thine indeed for thou lye'st in't.

Clow. You lye out on't sir, and therefore tis not yours; for my part I do not lye in't, yet it is mine.

Ham. Thou dost lye in't to be in't and say it is thine, tis for the dead, not for the quick, therefore thou lye'st.

Clow. Tis a quick lye sir, twill away againe from me to you.

Ha. VVhat man dost thou dig it for?

Clow. For no man sir.

Ham. What woman then?

Clow. For none neither.

Ham. Who is to be buried in't?

Clow. One that was a woman sir, but rest her soule shee's dead.

Ham. How absolute the knaue is, we must speak by the card, or equiuocatio wil vndoo vs. By the Lord *Horatio*, this three yeres I haue took note of it, the age is grown so picked, that the toe of the peasant comes so neere the heele of the Courtier he galls his kybe. How long hast thou been a Graue-maker?

Clow. Of the daies i'th yeere I came too't that day that our last King *Hamlet* ouercame *Fortinbrasse*.

Ham. How long is that since?

Clow. Cannot you tell that? euery foole can tell that, it was that very day that young *Hamlet* was borne: he that is mad and sent into *England*.

Ham. I marry, why was he sent into *England*?

Clow. Why because a was mad: a shall recouer his wits there, or if a doe not, tis no great matter there.

Ham. Why?

(as he.

Clow. Twill not bee seene in him there, there are men as mad

Ham. How came he mad?

Clow. Very strangely they say.

Ham. How strangely?

Clow. Faith een with loosing his wits.

Ham. Vpon what ground?

Clow. Why here in *Denmark*: I haue bin Sexton here man and boy thirty yeares.

Ham.

Prince of Denmark

Ham. How long will a man live?

Clow. Faith if a be not a portly corles, that will scarce some eight yeere, or nine yeere.

Ham. VVhy he more than I?

Clow. Why sir, his hide is out water a great while; and whorson dead body, heer.

Ham. VVhose was it?

Clow. A whorson mad fellow.

Ham. Nay I know not.

Clow. A pestilence on his bones, hee's rotten to the Kings Iester.

Ham. This?

Clow. Een that.

Ha. Alas poore *Yoricke*, I haue seen him, of most excellent fancy, and now how hee is changed, and now how gorge rises at it. Here hangs his head, and here his shoulders, how oft: where be your gibes? where your flashes of merriment? where your roare, not one now to mock me. Now get you to my Ladies chamber, to this fauour shew, Prethee *Horatio* tell me one thing.

Hora. VVhat's that my Lord?

Ha. Dost thou think *Alse*?

Hora. Een so.

Ham. And smelt so: pale as lead.

Hora. Een so my Lord.

Ham. To what base use have they turned? not imagination trace the shadow of a bunghole?

Hora. Twere to confound.

Ha. No faith, nor a iot, but enough, and likelihood to be buried, *Alexander* returned to make lome, & why of that?